





THE
FAIR CIRCASSIAN,
A
Dramatic Performance.

Done from the *ORIGINAL*
By a Gentleman-Commoner of *Oxford*.

— *sine Me, Liber, ibis in Urbem.* Ovid.

THE SECOND EDITION Corrected.

To which are added

Several OCCASIONAL POEMS.

By the same AUTHOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN WATTS, at the Printing-
Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*.

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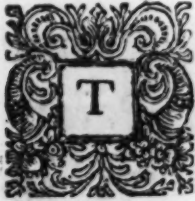
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T O

M^{RS} *Anna Maria Mordaunt.*

M A D A M,

 HE Three Graces, which,
above all other Arts, so
powerfully charm the
Soul, are Poetry, Painting and
Music. And each of these is
nothing else but a certain agree-
able Beauty made up of a regular
Composition of Language, Co-
lour and Sound; which finding
A 3 their

DEDICATION.

their Way to the Mind by those two noble Instruments of Sensation, the Eye and the Ear, entertain it in the highest Perfection. All these probably were exerted together in *Solomon's* Fair One; as the present Age is convinc'd they are in You. Her Language, like your's, was natural Poetry; her Voice Music; and the excellent colouring and formation of her Features, Painting: But, still like your's, drawn by the inimitable Pencil of Nature, Life it self; a Pattern for the greatest Masters, but copying after none; I will not say Angels are not cast in the same mold.

Thus

DEDICATION.

Thus *Solomon* was a Poet, and thus I translate. He drew the Charms which his beautiful *Sapphira* presented; and I transcribe from You. We may equally boast of being inspir'd, each of our Breasts having been fill'd with a Goddess: only with this Difference; that my Poem ought to excell, as I have had the Advantage of a brighter Object; Whose Beauties, as yet unfillied by the wanton Gales of Love, like new-faln Snow, glitter with a superior Lustre.

I us'd to contemplate this happy Monarch's Love, with Pleasure; and behold his Charmer with Admiration. Forgive me,

DEDICATION.

injur'd Maid, I despis'd our cold
Northern Islands for producing
so indifferent a Race of Females;
no more to be compar'd with
the Idea I had form'd of Her,
than *Spenser's* Snowy Lady, to
the real *Florimel*. But when I saw
You, like the Star which is Har-
binger of the Day, dart thro' the
Gloom and glow with Charms too
bright to be beheld, good Gods!
how astonish'd, how chang'd I
was! I view'd You, as the An-
gels did the new-created World,
with excessive Delight; and in-
stead of admiring *Saphira*, ador'd
You.

O lovely Deity, pardon the
Presumption of this Address, and
favour

DEDICATION.

favour my weak Endeavours. If my Confession of your divine Power, is any where too faint, believe it not to proceed from a want of due Respect, but of a Capacity more than Human. Whoever thinks of You can no longer be Himself; and if He could, ought to be something above Man to celebrate the Accomplishments of a Goddess.

To You I owe my Creation, as a Lover; and in the Beams of your Beauty only I live and move and exist. If there should be a total Suspension of your Charms, I must fall to nothing. But it seems to be out of your Power to deprive us of their kind

DEDICATION.

Influence; where-ever you shine
they fill all our Hearts; and you
are charming out of Necessity,
as the Author of Nature is good.

You too are heavenly, and
therefore must be good. O per-
mit Me, your hopeless, yet most
sincere Suppliant, to approach
the Altar of your Beauty; to of-
fer up the first Fruits of my Muse,
and, with a distant Hope, to
implore your Favour. My Infi-
del Heart was first converted by
your Charms, and will triumph
with Constancy under all the
Sufferings it shall meet with in
their Service: And tho' Want of
sufficient Merit may justly bar it
from the Expectation of a future
Re-

DEDICATION.

Reward, yet, O divine Being,
indulge me the temporal Happiness
of subscribing my self

Your Most Devoted,

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Slave.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 1, 1900

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

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P R E F A C E.



HO' the following Translation comes into the World obscurely and without a Name, as if it were some spurious Offspring not proper to be countenanc'd; yet give me leave to observe that these natural Children of the Muses, which are most commonly begotten in a Heat of Poetic Blood, and a great Vigour and Strength of Fancy, are often more healthy and long-liv'd than others, and carry the Marks of an easier Spirit and a more florid Constitution. If to these Advantages of Birth, the happy Incidents of Education are added, such as drawing the refin'd Air of *Parnassus*, playing upon the Banks of *Helicon*, and cooling their youthful Heat by repeated Draughts of the Fountain *Hippocrenè*, I need not say how far these stoln Conceptions will exceed any Thing that is labour'd in the vulgar indifferent Way of a customary Espousal. That the Thoughts of this Performance were as well suggested by Genius and Nature, as improv'd by the common Rules of Art, cannot be question'd by Those who view the Author in that Light which he has given us of Himself; as a young Lover inspir'd with the Charms, and furnish'd with a Description from the

P R E F A C E.

the Beauties of the fair Creature, whose Name he has plac'd before his Dedication.

He a was Gentleman-Commoner of *Oxford*, the Heir and Hopes of a Family of good Condition and Repute in that County; whose natural and acquir'd Qualities were such as might justify a particular Panegyric; but, since his Name is to be conceal'd, we will mention no other Instances of that Nature, than this only, which his Friends have consented should be made public. He died this last Winter, of that Distemper which Physicians call a Fever upon the Spirits; when the Indisposition seems to proceed more from some Uneasiness of Mind than Illness of Body; and is such as either eludes their Art, or falls not within their Method of Prescription. This Design seems to have been executed the Summer before; upon his having accidentally been in Company with the fair Lady, who at once kindled in his Breast the Fires of Love and Poetry. And this, being a Circumstance never suspected by his Friends, has made them apprehensive, that some real or imaginary Discouragement might have hover'd over his young Passion, and given it this fatal Blast in it's so early and tender Bloom. But as all this is only Conjecture, they don't pretend to accuse any Person living as accessary to their unfortunate Loss; they only deplore their not knowing the particular Situation of his Mind, that they might have endeavour'd to apply the proper Preservative. That He design'd the following Sheets for the Press seems

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seems pretty plain, not only from his having written the Dedication, (of which, together with the Poem, since the first Edition, we have found a more correct Copy) but particularly specifying that He had taken the Fourth Chapter from *Steele's Miscellanies* with some few Alterations; as He ingenuously acknowledges in a marginal Note. And therefore just as He left them, they are sent into World: with the same Title Page; by which it looks as if He intended to conceal his own Name from public Notice, while he had the Pleasure in Obscurity to blazon the Charms of his Mistress, by copying from her the several Features of the Beauty he draws; which, considering the Eastern Manner, and allegorical Expression, does in his Hands become an Original. And whether, by thus taking the distinct Perfections of his celebrated Piece from one single Person, he may have succeeded so well as *Apelles*, who drew his *Venus* from a Collection of beautiful Parts taken from a Number of the compleatest Females he could meet with, I must leave Those to judge who have seen the young Lady that furnish'd the whole Magazin of Graces, so well dispos'd in this unhappy Scholar's Portrait. Whether He intended to have written any Thing by way of Preface or Apology, we cannot determine; but nothing of that Kind appearing, has made us think it proper to give this Account of the Occasion, and what follows of the Manner, of our Author's Conduct in this Affair.

It

P R E F A C E.

It is certain that He has all along kept the Sense of the vulgar Translation in view; and if what he was oblig'd, by the Nature of his Design, to add, has given no true Illustration to the sublime Meaning of the Allegorical Writing; so neither, may we venture to say, has it diminish'd, or debas'd, or any way alter'd the Sense of it; but left it full as applicable now, as ever it could be in the Original. That *Solomon* did not directly and immediately intend this as a Kind of *Opera* or dramatic Performance to celebrate the exceeding Happiness he enjoy'd in a mutual Intercourse of Pleasures, with a Woman of his *Seraglio*, can be insisted on by no one who considers the Nature of his own and his Father *David's* Prophetic Writings; where, tho' some other Meaning than what appears may be couch'd by a supernatural Direction; yet the plain and obvious Sense was always understood of their own Affairs, and by them suited to some particular Occurrences of no extraordinary Kind.

This being allow'd, we will endeavour to find out who the Person was, which has been distinguish'd to Posterity by such a tender Description and warm Representation of her own and her royal Master's Passion. And tho' this may seem to be an Inquiry of a nice and difficult Nature, but of little or no Advantage to the Commonwealth of Letters; yet I hope to make some Discovery in it, for an Embellishment of this particular Piece, and for the Satisfaction of my candid Readers the

La-

P R E F A C E.

Ladies. I know that this *Sultana* has been vulgarly suppos'd to be *Pharaoh's* Daughter, because *Solomon* is recorded, to have espous'd such a one; For in the * History of his Life and Actions it is expressly mention'd, that he enter'd into an Alliance with *Pharaoh* King of *Egypt*, and married his Daughter, and brought her home to the City of his Father *David*: and after he had finish'd the Temple at *Jerusalem*, and some other public Edifices of Strength and Beauty, he built a Palace for her particularly; which looks like a Mark of very great Favour and Esteem; as it probably was, and nothing else. For having married the Daughter of so powerful a Prince, as the King of *Egypt*; (very likely for Reasons of State, and to strengthen the Interest of his own Country by an Alliance with so formidable a Potentate ;) he could not help shewing all the Regard that was due to her high Birth and Condition; by building her a separate Court, and granting her such an Allowance as might be sufficient to support her in a proper Grandeur. And this he might do without the least Embarrassment of his private Pleasures, or Oppression of his Subjects; if we consider, that by the admirable Treaty of Commerce which he had establish'd with a maritime Power, he had made Gold and Silver at Home, as plenty as the Dirt in the Streets. Now, that the Lady here introduc'd

* 1 *Kings* iii. i. vii. 8. 2 *Chron.* viii. 11.

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could not be this *Egyptian* Princess, seems reasonable from hence; because she is character'd as a private Person, a Shepherdess, one that kept a Vineyard, and was us'd ill by her Mother's Children. All which will correspond very well with somebody else; but can't, without great straining be drawn to fit so illustrious a Princess. Not but that this luxurious and rich Prince could well afford to maintain all his Concubines, in their several Houses and Gardens of Pleasure with a Magnificence truly Royal; as it is probable he did many of them. And this Lady seems to be attended with a Number of Female Slaves appropriated to her own particular Use: Tho' it is as probable that he often diverted himself privately with them as a Shepherd in Masquerade, in his Groves and Wildernesses, curiously consisting of the most exquisite rural Amusements, and the most delicate Collections of Flowers, Fruits and Spices. And He is here describ'd as coming by Stealth in the Night to her Chamber or Apartment, and She as privately solicitous in her Search after him; which probably was a concerted Design upon such Occasions, to enliven their Pleasures, by making them seem attended with Danger and Difficulty: All which are a Sort of little agreeable familiar Liberties, not so consistent with the Formality and Ceremony commonly us'd with a royal Consort.

Therefore seeing we have so good Reason to conclude that this was not *Pharaoh's* Daughter, we will next endeavour to shew who She was.

And

P R E F A C E.

And here we are destitute of all manner of Light but what is afforded us by that little *Arabian Manuscript* mention'd in the Philosophical Transactions of *Amsterdam* 1558, said to be found in a Marble Chest among the Ruins of *Palmyra*, and presented to the University of *Leyden* by Dr. *Hermannus Hoffman*. The Contents of which are something in the Nature of Memoirs of the Court of *Solomon*; giving a succinct Account of the chief Offices and Posts in his Household; of the several Funds of the royal Revenue; of the distinct Apartments in his Palace there; of the different *Seraglio's*, being sixty two in Number, in that one City. (Tho' our young Author seems to suppose all the King's Mistresses were kept in One.) Then there is an Account given of the *Sultanas*; their Manner of Treatment and Living; their Birth and Country, with some Touches of their personal Endowments, how long they continu'd in Favour, and what the Result was of the King's Fondness for each of them. Among these there is particular Mention made of a Slave of more exceeding Beauty than had ever been known before; at whose Appearance the Charms of all the rest vanish'd, like Stars before the Morning Sun; that the King cleav'd to her with the strongest Affection, and was not seen out of the *Seraglio* where She was kept, for above a Month. That she was taken Captive, together with her Mother, out of a Vineyard on the Coast of *Circassia*, by a Corsair of *Hiram* King of *Tyre*, and brought to
Jeru-

P R E F A C E.

Jerusalem. It is said she was plac'd in the Ninth *Seraglio* to the East of *Palmyra*, which in the *Hebrew* Tongue is call'd *Tadmor*. Which, without further Particulars, are sufficient to convince us, that this was the charming Person, sung with so much Rapture by the royal Poet; and in the Recital of whose Amour he seems so transported. For She speaks of her self as one that kept a Vineyard; and her Mother's introducing Her in one of the Gardens of Pleasure, (as it seems She did at the first presenting of her to the King) is here distinctly mention'd. The Manuscript further takes Notice that she was call'd *Saphira*, from the heavenly Blue of her Eyes; which are Hints I find the ingenious Translator has taken, from some Conversation we once had upon this Head. And now I think, if this Roll of Parchment may be allowed to have lain uncorrupted so many hundred Years; as in a Chest of durable and firm Marble, well cemented and lying in a dry sandy Earth, may not be impossible; there can be no Reason to suspect the fair *Circassian*, and the celebrated Beauty in the Song, for being different Persons.

I shall only beg your Patience, kind Reader, while I add a Word or two more by way of Apology for the young Gentleman's Performance, which You have, such as it is, without any Alteration. There are some Things which I cou'd have wish'd might have been drawn over with another Colouring; and which, had they come to my View in my Pupil's Life-time, as his Tutor,

I

P R E F A C E.

I shou'd have advis'd Him to have cast in another Form. But being become as it were a Relique since his Death, I look upon it as a kind of Profaneness to change it's Shape; as well as profess my Want of Capacity to set any Thing of this Kind in a more beautiful Light. Yet I would fain excuse, what I am not certain to be irreproveable; and must desire the Reader of a nice Ear, if he meets with any Thing not so well tun'd, to consider it as the first Attempt of a Novice; whose Eagerness is apt to precipitate them too much; especially in their first Performances. Tho' from my Pupil's usual Correctness in his College Exercise, I may venture to pronounce of him what *Ovid* did of himself, when prevented from reviewing his Works by a less fatal Occasion,

Emendaturus, si licuisset, erat.

whatever is too puerile, loose, or superfluous, would certainly in a great measure have been prun'd away; and the Roughnesses fil'd and polish'd into a more agreeable Lustre. But, however I will venture to say as it is, that the Images which here and there appear in a loose Dress, are no more than Copies of the antique Drapery, and to any who would be thought free from Prudery, may appear without the least Exception. If the Muse is bold, and plain in the Original, she only puts on an Air of Freedom, to take an Opportunity of discovering some of her Beauties; and if the Copyist uses the same Artifice, tho' he miscarries in his Attempt,

P R E F A C E.

tempt, he should not be blam'd for endeavouring to imitate such a Masterstroke. The great Fear is that he has drawn his Copy in too faint a Light; which very Fault, if he be guilty of it, will screen him from the Imputation of having run into the other Extreme, and outdone the Boldness of his Original.

For my Part, if I may be allow'd to speak without Suspicion of Partiality, I think it inferiour to few of the Productions of late Years, for the Sublimity of Diction and Harmony of Numbers. Were any of our modern Tragedies interlac'd with some of the golden Wires drawn from these Love-Speeches, how would they glitter and dazle the Ears of the Audience, and set off the dry and insipid Stuff, with which most of their course-spun Pages are lin'd.

*Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus & alter
Assuitur Pannus.----*

whereas this is a whole Piece of rich glowing Scarlet; which cut out into thin Shreds and stitched upon their Heroes and Princesses, would shine thro' a hundred Plays; filling the Heads of the Beaus with Rapture, and the Hearts of the Ladies with Tenderness: dwelling upon their Lips in endless Repetitions, and obliging them to spend their agreeable Voices in passionate Encomiums upon the Author.

But

P R E F A C E.

But I have done; I pray this Fondness may be excus'd: as Guardian to a Virgin Muse, I may be allow'd to recommend my Charge in my own Market Phrase; and provided the World is but civil to that, they have my free Leave to take what Liberties they please, with my aukward and odd Manner of introducing it.

Oxon. March 25, 1720.



T H E

The first of these is the fact that the
author of the book is a man of letters
and of a high standing in the literary
world; and that he has written the book
in a style which is both elegant and
simple, and which is well adapted to the
purpose of the work.

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T H E
F A I R C I R C A S S I A N .

P R O L O G U E .



I R G I N S of *Albion*, Ye fair Female Kind,
 Who live to Love's soft Measures well in-
 clin'd,
 [ing Smart,
 Whose gentler Minds have known the pleas-

And felt his Venom trickling thro' your Heart,
 To You the following tender Scenes I write;
 To You, best Judges of the best Delight.
 Thrice Happy He, who could his Muse employ
 To heighten and improve so fine a Joy!

Hence the soft Sex conveniently may find
 What Pleasures flow from Love with Prudence join'd;
 What sweet Ideas flutter in the Breast,
 By melting Lips what Raptures are exprest;

B

How

How safe the Joys that fill their circling Arms,
When Men of Sense are trusted with their Charms.

Nor let the Style or Foreign Phrase offend,
'Twas thus those *Eastern* Beaus their Passion pen'd;
The Sentiments were such, in such a Pair,
Where He was most discreet, and She most fair:
Tho' we may well conclude, from what is writ,
The Man had Beauty, and the Woman Wit.

Attend! the Lady first shall Silence break;
'Tis thus the faithful Story makes Her speak.

C A N T O I.

S H E.



Love! thy mighty Burnings who can bear!
What Thirst, what Fever can with mine compare,
With Speed conduct me to the lovely Swain
That fires my Soul and causes all my Pain;
'Tis only that dear Youth whose balmy Kiss
Can mitigate my Smart with healing Bliss.
O come, my Dearest, come, and hither bring
Thy Lips adorn'd with all the blooming Spring.
A Thousand Sweets their fragrant Atoms blend,
Which, in a Gale of Joy, thy Breath attend:

Such

Such soothing Cordials to my Soul apply,
Heal me with Kisses, Love, or else I dy;
With poignant tasteful Kisses, such as thine,
Whose Flavour far excells the richest Wine.

At the dear Mention of thy charming Name,
The blushing *Nymphs* disclose their hidden Flame;
While *Zephyrs* bland the pleasing Accents bear,
Perfumes are wafted thro' the gentle Air;
The pow'rful Sound enchants the listning Grove,
And tender Damsels sicken into Love.

Where-e'er You go, where-e'er your Steps You move,
Thither I'm hurried on the Wings of Love;
His silken Cords my yielding Limbs enthrall,
And I must follow my Beloved's Call;
But, while such mighty Charms as his invite,
My Chains are Transport, and my Task Delight.

What wou'd my Prince, my lovely Tyrant have?
Oh! whither wou'dst Thou draw thy willing Slave?
I see, I see the golden Doors unfold,
The Royal Bed, with Raptures, I behold;
To Thee my Virgin Blushes I resign,
And, spite of inbred Modesty, I'm Thine.

4 *The FAIR CIRCASSIAN*

Ecstatic Pleasure fills my gasping Soul,
 As Wines, profusely pour'd, o'erflow the Bowl:
 O stay, my flitting Senses, and record
 The Bliss these momentary Joys afford;
 Yes, to thy kind Endearments I'll be true,
 And give thy wond'rous Love its Praises due.

Ye *Tirzan* Maids, whose Skins allure the Sight
 With milky Fields of pure unblemish'd White,
 My artless Beauties, tho' compar'd with You
 They seem to fade and give a browner Hue,
 Are Beauties still, and only look less fair,
 Sun-burnt and tarnish'd with the Noontide Air.
 I, of six Daughters was the latest born,
 My Mother's Darling, but my Sisters' Scorn;
 My opening Bloom with jealous Eyes they view'd,
 And fell Revenge their envious Minds pursu'd;
 Me lonely to the distant Hills they send,
 Helpless my self, the Vineyards to defend:
 Where Southern Blasts and Rays of scorching Heat
 Did on my Face and tender Bosom beat.
 Yet I, with Patience, in their Vineyards lay
 Whole dewy Nights, and watch'd 'em all the Day:
 Ah! Me; my own, but ill secur'd the while,
 To bold rapacious Love became a Spoil.

Rudely

Rudely He leapt the Mounds, the Fence destroy'd,
Nor ceas'd 'till with the budding Clusters cloy'd.

Tell me, my lovely Spoiler, thy Retreat;
I now forgive; for oh! the Theft was sweet.
If You, a Prince, will grace the shining Court,
Let Me, your Slave, among your Train resort:
Or if, in Shepherd's Weeds, you'll humbly deign
To feed your Flock along th' extended Plain;
Tell me beneath what coolly spreading Shade
At Noontide Hours thy lovely Limbs are laid;
Tell me, my Charmer, lest I chance to stray
Among the Shepherds' Tents, and lose my Way.

H E.

O Fairest of thy-Sex! to hear thy Voice
The Shepherds and their Sheep alike rejoice;
Whose Bleatings from the Plain salute thine Ear,
And tell the Flocks and Cottages are near:
The little Path their cloven Feet have trod
Will bring Thee to thy longing Swain's Abode;
There may thy Kidlings browse the shrubby Green,
And We lie shelter'd in the leafy Scene.

How gracefully, my Love, thy Charms appear!
How unaffected all thy Motions are!

Like Art, thy very Negligences shine,
 And Beauty moves in every Step of thine.
 So tread the manag'd Steeds with comely Gait;
 Harness'd to draw the gilded Coach of State,
 Whose easy Shapes in just Proportion rise,
 And gratify the pleas'd Spectator's Eyes.
 Transparent Pendants, with a Brilliant Light,
 Adorn thy Cheeks and point 'em to the Sight:
 The Chains that circle round thy Neck with Gold,
 In stronger Links the fatal Gazer's hold.
 Hasten, hasten, ye Nymphs, with curious Fingers ply
 The Loom, and interweave the various Dye;
 Let Flow'rs of Silver round the Border shine
 Mixt with a running Train of golden Twine;
 With These adorn my Fair, for vulgar Sight;
 But me her native Charms alone delight.

S H E.

How my Perfumes, by close Embraces prest,
 Fly out and hang upon my Charmer's Vest!
 And, while He banquets at the royal Board,
 To all around a fragrant Scent afford.
 But, when in amorous Folds our Bosoms meet,
 My Love himself is like rich Odours Sweet;
 Grateful as Myrrh he dwells upon my Breast,
 And sooths my panting Soul to downy Rest.

Who

Who can thy manly Graces truly paint,
Or how describe, where all Description's faint!
Thy Charms the rest of Humankind surpass,
As loftier Vines excell the lowly Grass;
Or, as among the twisting Vines is seen
The cluster'd Camphire with superior Green.
Oh! how transcendently my Love is fair!
Beyond all Fancy and above Compare.
How languishing his Eyes! like cooing Doves
Emitting at each Glance their mutual Loves.

Behold, my Life, our dear expecting Bed
With Coverlets of lively Verdure spread:
Columns of Cedar, of the choicest Grain,
In Rows the silken Canopy sustain;
Of inlaid Firr the level Floor; above,
The vaulted Cieling glows with pictur'd Love.

C A N T O II.

H E



Bloom like thine attends the vernal Rose,
Such White the Lilly of the Valley shows.
As These among the Briars distinguish'd stand,
So You excell the Daughters of the Land.

S H E.

And You, my Prince, so eminently fair
Above the brightest Sons of Men appear,
As the Pomegranate, with its golden Rind,
Exceeds the neighb'ring Trees of Silvan Kind.
Under his Shade with sweet Delight I lay,
Protected kindly from the sultry Day ;
His Fruits, with eager Appetite, I eat,
Indulg'd my Taste, and cool'd my fainting Heat.

Me and my Charmer, now, from noontide Bow'rs,
To spend in various Scenes our blissful Hours;
Love to the Banqueting Pavilion brings,
And o'er our Heads unfurls his trembling Wings.
His silken Banner hovers in the Air,
And Love displays Himself emblazon'd there.
With fev'rish Heat He seizes ev'ry Part,
Burns in my Veins, and revels in my Heart.
O bring, of cool Sherbet, an ample Bowl,
Allay my Flame, and pour it on my Soul;
My ebbing Life with spritely Fruits-repair,
And sooth my raging Breast, for Love is there.

Yet oh! how soft, how pleasant is the Bed!
When on his Arm I lean my lovesick Head:

On

The FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

9

On his left Arm my lovesick Head I place,
His right infolds me with a warm Embrace.
Soft, I adjure You, by the nimble Fawns,
And Hinds that bound across the flow'ry Lawns,
Ye sportive Damsels, that ye softly move,
Nor with your Voices wake my sleeping Love.

Hark! thro' the Dawn a heav'nly Musick breaks,
It thrills my Soul, for my Beloved speaks.
Up, like the bounding Hart, He springs, He flies,
And thro' the Lattels darts his radiant Eyes:
To Me He calls, Arise! Arise! my Fair;
Calm is the Morning, and serene the Air;
The wintry Cold is gone, the genial Spring
Provokes the Flow'rs to blow, the Birds to sing:
The wanton Turtle, in the neighb'ring Grove,
Sits cooing, and renews his Tale of Love:
Behold! the pregnant Fig begins to shoot,
The Vine in Clusters yields it's purple Fruit;
All Nature smiling welcomes in the Day:
Arise, my lovely Fair, and come away.

H E.

From the cool Grottos of the Rock I hear
My Charmer's Voice, and bless my ravish'd Ear.

B 5

Come

Come forth, my Dove, compleat thy Swain's Delight,
And give thy beauteous Person to his Sight.

Haste, haste, ye nimble Hunters, spread the Net,
With many a Toil the Vineyards 'round beset,
The wily Foxes take, and from the Vines
Avert the little Vermin's fell Designs:
Our Vineyards now their noblest Grapes produce,
The ripen'd Clusters swell with Purple Juice.

S H E.

I am my Prince's, and my Prince is mine,
Link'd with a mutual Love our Hearts combine;
Among the Lillies He abides all Day,
Himself as Fair, Himself as Sweet as They.

The Dews descend, the dusky Clouds arise,
Night draws her sable Curtain o'er the Skies:
Return, my wand'ring Paramour, return;
With Me repose, and wait the coming Morn.
Fly to my Arms, and, let thy nimble Speed,
The Mountain Roe or the wild Hart exceed.



C A N T O III.

S H E.



HE busy World is hush'd in silent Night,
The Silver Moon displays her paler Light;
When sleepless on my Bed I lie alone,

For ah! the Partner of my Soul is gone.

In vain I send my searching Hands around,

My lovely Wanderer is no where found.

Inward I grieve, and with confused Haste

My Mantle o'er my Shoulders slightly cast;

Then thro' the City run, with eager Pace,

And seek my Fugitive from Place to Place.

Thro' ev'ry spacious Way, thro' ev'ry Street,

Officiously I ply my busy Feet.

The nightly Watch I meet, and thus enquire,

Saw You the Object of my Soul's Desire?

They knew not of Him: Scarce from thence I past,

But strait I found and held my Charmer fast.

Around his Neck my longing Arms I hung,

Flew to his Lips, and on his Beauties hung:

Then to my Mother's House my Captive led,

And fondly drew him to the genial Bed.

Ye Daughters of the Land pass gently by,

Behold my Love, but with a silent Eye:

12 *The FAIR CIRCASSIAN.*

I charge You, by the Hinds, the Forest Roes,
Not to disturb Him in his soft Repose.

See! from the secret Bow'r of Love He comes,
The ambient Air is fill'd with his Perfumes;
Where-e'er He goes, He breaths a spicy Breeze,
And wafts ambrosial Fragrance thro' the Trees.

Behold his Bed! the Guards around it stand,
Threescore, the stoutest Sons of all the Land:
Their valiant Breasts are stamp'd with many a Scar,
At Home rever'd, and terrible in War:
Each on his Thigh a mighty Sabre wears,
To free the Night from false alarming Fears.
Pillars, with silver Cornice wrought above,
Whose Base is Gold, sustain the rich Alcove:
Sweet Woods of *Lebanon* the Frame compose,
The lofty Canopy with Purple glows:
The Middle, pav'd with downy Love, invites
The Virgin Nymphs to taste it's soft Delights.

Approach, fond Maids, and see my lovely King
Crown'd with the Beauties of the gawdy Spring,
The Garland, his indulgent Mother wove,
Against the Bridal Day, the Festival of Love.

CANTO IV.

H E



O U R envious Thoughts conceal, Ye rival
Throng,
And while I sing my Fair, attend my Song.

Her dovelike Eyes ten Thousand Charms dispense,
Breathing at once both Love and Innocence.
Behold! adown her Neck the wavy Locks
Frisk, like exulting Kids o'er *Gilead's* Rocks.
Her Ivory Teeth in beauteous Order stand,
Like Sheep new-wash'd and whiten'd on the Strand;
When, dropping from the Flood their snowy Skins,
Each with her Lambs appears, and each with Twins.
Her Lips like Threads of Scarlet brightly glow,
In sweetest Sounds her moving Accents flow.
Her Cheeks amidst soft circling Tresses shine,
As when the tender Ringlets of the Vine
Around the blushing Fruit their greener Curls entwine.
Her marble Neck the sparkling Gems adorn,
As blazing *Phosphor* gilds the rosy Morn,
Shap'd like the lofty Tow'r in *Sion's* Fields,
Studded and hung with Warriors mighty Shields.

Her

14 *The FAIR CIRCASSIAN.*

Her Breasts, where Love and all his Graces dwell,
Pregnant with Bloom and ripening Beauties swell;
Like young Twin-Roes that graze the verdant Meads,
With Buds just sprouting from their velvet Heads.

Hence to the Hills of Myrrhe I'll haste away,
Where spicy Breezes round my Head shall play;
There spend in gentle Dreams the gloomy Night,
'Till Morning Sun restores his golden Light.

From rocky *Lebanon* return, my Love,
To *Hermion's* dewy Hill and *Shenir's* Grove.
See from *Amana's* green and shady Brow
The distant Prospect of the Vales below.
Securely hence the spotted Leopard view,
Nor fear the rugged Lion's brindled Hue.

O Maid divinely fair! whose every Part,
Like pointed Lightning melts my ravish'd Heart;
Fill'd with your Love I scorn the Charms of Wine,
Nor for the Vineyard's luscious Juice repine.
Your Breath so sweet, that wherefoe'er You go
The Gales of spicy *Saba* seem to blow.

A balmy Dew upon thy Lips distills,
And every Kiss with liquid Hony fills :

With

The FAIR CIRCASSIAN. 25

With Smells of *Lebanon* thy Vesture crown'd
Scatters reviving Odours all around:
The various Sweets which feed the Thymy Bee,
My Dear, my lovely Princess, are in Thee.

The Garden thus, some Spot of Pleasure, lies,
Enclos'd for Privacy from vulgar Eyes;
In Thee, each Flow'r uprears it's colour'd Head,
Soft vernal Airs the bloomy Buds dispread;
Joys ever smiling in thy Glances play,
As trembling Streams reflect the gilded Day.
Spikenard and Cinnamon, that loves the Vale,
Rich Thural Fruits, in Thee, their Sweets exhale;
Saffron, with *Cassia's* orient precious Oil,
Supplied by blest *Arabia's* fruitful Soil,
Whose spicy Rind, with smelling Gum distent,
Breathes thro' the Air a kind Balsamic Scent:
While odorous Dews in humid Vapours rise,
And fragrant Clouds perfume the azure Skies.

S H E.

Awake, O *Zephyr*, or Thou, Southern Breeze,
In gentle Murmurs fan the branchy Trees;
With soothing Breath upon my Garden blow,
That grateful Smells from every Plant may flow.

Lct

16 *The* FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

Let my Beloved, in the cooly Shade,
On Beds of Flowers repose his lovesick Head;
Or with delicious Fruitage please his Taste,
Be fill'd with Joy, and bless the kind Repast.

C A N T O V.

H E.

DElights so sweet the Springs and Grottos give,
That in thy Garden I would ever live.
Where-e'er I turn, enchanting Scenes arise,
To glad my Soul, and entertain my Eyes.
I came, my Fair, I came a willing Guest,
On thy delicious pleasant Fruits to feast:
Of Gums and Myrrh I rob'd each spicy Tree,
I sipt the balmy Labours of the Bee:
For Me the Vine with Purple Clusters glow'd,
With Milk the Nut, the Peach with Nectar flow'd:
O here, my Fair, for ever let us stay,
And spend in Love and Wine the live-long Day,

S H E.

I sleep, but still my listning Fancy wakes,
A Voice informs Me my Beloved speaks;
" To thy dear Arms, He cries, my lovely Fair,
" Receive me from the dark inclement Air:

" The

“ The Vapours fall, the drisly Dews distill,
“ The Drops of Night my Locks with Moisture fill;
“ Arise, my Fair, unfold the bolted Doors,
“ Arise, ’tis I, thy Wanderer implores.
Alas! the darkning Shades my Sandals hide,
My Mantle’s negligently thrown aside;
Can I now find it? or defile again
My Feet just washt, and from the Bathing clean?
Yet will I come all barefoot and undrest,
And clasp Thee dropping to my warmer Breast.

Upon the Lock my Prince’s Fingers move,
The Sound dissolves my pitying Soul to Love:
I rose, I flew with Speed to let Him in,
But too much Haste obstructed my Design;
O’er every Bolt my wandering Fingers stray
Perfum’d, and leave sweet Odours by the Way.
But when I open’d, ah! my Love was gone,
Tir’d out with my Delay He had withdrawn.
Sore on my Mind the Disappointment hung,
My Soul Regret and sharp Vexation stung.
Again my mournful Voice I sent around,
But only Eccho babled to the Sound.
Then madly thro’ the silent Streets I ran,
Hoping to find the dear excluded Man:

Alone

18 *The FAIR CIRCASSIAN.*

Alone I hurried on my giddy Flight,
Nor fear'd the lurking Dangers of the Night.
The Watch, to whom I tenderly complain'd,
With foul Reproach my spotless Honour stain'd:
My loose Attire the Sentinels descry'd,
And rudely wou'd have drawn my Veil aside.
Pity my Case, Ye Virgins of the Plain,
Whene'er Ye take, restore my wand'ring Swain:
For Him I languish, and my lovesick Mind
Without his Presence no Relief can find.

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

How blest, how more than blest the happy Swain!
For whom so fine a Creature can complain.
Describe, Thou Fair, this Partner of thy Breast,
Show us how He so far excells the Rest;
O say what Charms, with such superior Grace,
Finish his Person and adorn his Face.

S H E.

His Face with far transcendent Beauty glows,
As the rich Standard in the Squadron shows;
His Charms such bright distinguish'd Lustre wear,
Among ten Thousand He'd the Chief appear.
A youthful Red with intermingled White
Sets off his Features in a pleasing Light;

Shin-

Shining his Hair, and of a Raven Black,
In waving Ringlets falls adown his Back:
Arm'd with a tender Languishment his Eyes
Please while they wound, and kill without Surprise:
So soft, and so alluring, Turtles look,
That bill and coo beside the purling Brook.
His blooming Cheeks resemble vernal Flow'rs,
Warm'd with the Sun and plumpt with April Show'rs.
His melting Lips like new-blown Rosebuds meet,
Bedew'd and dropping with a balmy Sweet.
But oh! his fragrant Kisses who can tell!
So much beyond Description they excell.
Where can his matchless Hand a Rival find?
So turn'd the Fingers, and so fitly join'd!
Rings for Embellishment by some are worn;
His finer Hands the very Gems adorn.
His Skin, like polish'd Ivory, smooth and fair,
His Veins like Rows of intaid Saphires are.
His shapely Legs like marble Pillars hold
The Fabric rising from a Base of Gold.
His Form a Prospect so inviting wears,
As crown'd with Cedars Lebanon appears,
When with the sloping Sun 'tis gilded bright,
And blesses with it's Smiles the distant Sight.

Such is my Love, Ye Virgins, such the Swain
That gives me Pleasure with alternate Pain. CAN-

CANTO VI.

CHORUS.



RIGHT Maid, ah! whither is thy Charmer
gone,

And left Thee here defenceless and alone?
Tell Us, that we may range the Streets, the Grove,
Or Garden, 'till We find the Man You love.

S H E.

Sure to the Garden He has bent his Flight.
For there's his Pleasure and his Soul's Delight;
Nor wonder that all Night He revels there,
A Wilderness of Spice perfumes the Air;
Citrons above and fragrant Flowers beneath
In every Walk their grateful Odours breathe:
Fruits with delicious Pulp his Thirst appease,
And rising Lillies form his Couch of Ease.
Happy, if while He views the pleasing Scene,
Some tender Thoughts of Me break in between.

H E.

What other Object can Admittance find,
While You, dear bright Idea, fill my Mind.
Shou'd *Tirza* with her gilded Turrets rise,
The Landskip paint, and mingle with the Skies;

Place

Place but my Fair, my beauteous Princess near;
Her Charms the finer Prospect wou'd appear.
Shou'd Armies march along in meet Array,
Their Spears advance, their Ensigns wide display;
Her Eyes wou'd more exalted Glories dart,
With more Surprise wou'd thrill the Gazer's Heart.
Nourisht by their propitious Beams I live,
Yet scarce can bear the Splendor that they give:
So shines the Morning Sun with kindly Light,
But who can view his Blaze without an aching Sight?

Unnumber'd Females, of a Form divine,
The soft Seraglio's private Walls confine;
Where blooming Virgins ripen to Desire,
And bright Sultanas glow with practis'd Fire:
Oft, as I sigh amidst the beauteous Throng
For All by turns, but not for Any long,
From Charm to Charm with eager Gust I rove,
Resolv'd to taste Variety of Love;
But, soon as I behold my heavenly Fair,
My wand'ring Fancy stops and settles there:
The Beauties of the Sex I find in One,
For She's a Magazine of Charms alone.
The slighted Nymphs yet bless Her with their Voice,
And Envy's self approves the happy Choice.

But

22 *The* FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

But who is This, that with Her glorious Eyes,
Looks like the Morn, and emulates the Skies?
Fair as the Moon, reflecting Silver Light,
Strong as the golden Sun, and beamy bright.
So glittering Spears that gild the dreadful War
With fatal Gleams shine trembling from afar.
Down in the Grove of Spices as I stood,
To view the rising Flow'rs and pregnant Bud;
The Trees in Verdure Green, with bloomy Shade
And mingled Light, a lively Landskip made:
Yet when Her distant Eyes like Stars appear,
My ready Senses start and center there:
Wing'd with Desire, my Soul outflies the Wind,
And the bright Scene neglected leaves behind.

C A N T O VII.

H. E.



ER slender Feet, most lovely to behold,
Are cas'd in Purple Buskins wrought with Gold;
Her well-turn'd Legs and full-proportion'd
Thighs

Charm by Degrees and with new Beauty rise;
The Joints with Dimples smiling; and above,
The Spring of Bliss, the bubbling Fount of Love.

Plump

Plump is her Belly, but how smoothly plain!
Like Fields of Wheat impregnated with Rain;
White as the Silver Lilly's snowy Bloom,
Swelling with Dew, and fragrant with Perfume.
Her even Breasts like the Roe's Younglings play,
And panting bound luxuriant as They:
Like Velvet Buds the crimson Nipples rise,
Firm to the Touch and grateful to the Eyes.
Fair as an Ivory Column's tow'ring Height,
Her lofty Neck advances to the Sight.
Her Eyes reflect the Fountain's limpid Hue,
Clear as the Sky and of a heavenly Blue.
Like Beams of milder Light, divinely Fair,
Bound back and braided shines her silken Hair.
The King, in passing, her bright Form admires,
And feels within his Breast soft kindling Fires;
Held in the Galleries a Slave to Love,
Intent He gazes, and forgets to move.

How Fair art Thou, my Queen, thy Charms how bright
For Pleasure form'd, and finish'd for Delight:
Tall as the Palma thy Mien, thy juicy Breast,
Like clustring Grapes, inviting to be prest.
Let Me the strait the stately Bole ascend,
Grasp'd in my Arms the blooming Boughs shall bend;

The cluſt'ring Vine in my Embrace ſhall bleed,
 And on thy fragrant balmy Breath I'll feed.
 Thy Lips, whoſe Taſte exceeds the richeſt Wine,
 Shall feaſt my Palate and my Blifs refine:
 This with new Pleaſure will our Joys prolong,
 Make Dullneſs brisk, and wearied Nature young.

S H E.

Thy Tranſports, Love, with what Delight I hear!
 Such Fondneſs raviſhes my liſtning Ear.
 With Thee I'll range the diſtant lonely Fields,
 Where the freſh Spring eternal Pleaſure yields;
 Where the low Village free from noiſy Strife,
 Unheeded drinks the real Sweets of Life.
 There let us lodge, and with the Morning Sun
 Our Courſe of pleaſing Toil together run;
 Obſerve the Vine it's tender Bud diſcloſe,
 How with young Bloom the new Pomegranate glows:
 How ripening Fruits in Embryo appear,
 The grateful Proſpect of a plenteous Year.
 There, on ſome Bank reclin'd, whiſt over Head
 Embow'ring Jaſmines their ſweet Odours ſhed,
 Clapſing and claſpt with evertwining Arms,
 Unenvied I'll enjoy thy manly Charms,
 Give up my hidden Beauties to thy Sight,
 And die in Ecſtaſies of full Delight.

CAN-

C A N T O VIII.

S H E.



H! that thou wert, as once my Brother was,
Free and familiar to my fond Embrace;
When smiling Both, Both innocent and young,
One Breast We suckt, and on one Bosom hung.
Then, without Shame, I'd publicly employ
Each passing Minute to improve my Joy.
Grasp thy dear Hand, and with a Sister's Kiss,
Uncensur'd steal a momentary Bliss:
And when, impatient of the raging Fire,
A mutual Sense shou'd prompt Us to retire,
Fearless I'd lead Thee to my Mother's Bed,
And on thy Bosom lay my raptur'd Head:
By Her instructed in the Arts of Love,
My Passion might with aptest Graces move;
While rich Collations, crown'd with cordial Wine,
To feed our Flame, like Fuel, shou'd combine.

Begone, ye Female Slaves, my Voice obey;
Fly, and attend with Silence far away:
Perhaps my Love, to Solitude inclin'd,
In gentle Slumbers will indulge his Mind.

C

H E.

H E.

Lean on my Arm, on Me thy Head recline,
The Care to guard my Charmer's Steps be mine:
Thy Posture now revives the pleasing Thought
How Thou wert first to my Embraces brought.
Beneath a lofty Cedar's gloomy Shade
On the green Turf my languid Limbs were laid,
Thy Mother came, and lo! She led along
Her dear *SAPHIRA*, beautiful and young;
When strait She gave Thee to my longing Side,
And I with Ardour seisd the blushing Bride.
The Rest is past Description; now no more
Love was outrageous, for his Fit was o'er:
I rais'd Thee fainting from the fragrant Green,
The conscious Print among the Flow'rs was seen;
My Arm, as now, sustain'd thy lovely Frame,
Sweet was the Pleasure then, and now the same.

S H E.

Light of my Life, oh! take me to thy Heart,
Nor ever with thy fond *SAPHIRA* part:
Oh! seal me, stamp me on thy tender Mind,
And leave the strong Impression deep behind.
For Love, like Death, his Sceptre sternly sways,
When-e'er the Tyrant calls, the Slave obeys.

His

His Passion, turn'd to Jealousy, will rave
Fierce as a Whirlwind, cruel as the Grave,
For ever burnt and burning with Desire,
As Coals that glow with unconsuming Fire.
Let gushing Brooks and swelling Torrents roll
Their cooling Waters o'er the Love-sick Soul,
Yet will survive the bright unsullied Flame,
It's Vigour lively, and it's Heat the same.
Ransack the solid Globe for Wealth, and sweep
The secret Vallies of th' unfathom'd Deep,
Give all to Love and bribe Him to be kind,
Yet still you'll feel his Fetters on your Mind:
Whate'er you stake, his Value's still above,
And nothing ballances but Love for Love.

H E.

Then, be it publisht thro' the spacious East,
How much, how dearly SOLOMON is blest!
Shew, how his Palaces and Temples rise,
With glittering Roofs aspiring to the Skies;
Paint his fair Gardens, and disclose the Groves,
The private Scenes of his repeated Loves;
The purling Falls of Water to invite
Soft Slumbers, and divert with fresh Delight:
Describe his Ivory Throne, his pompous State,
With all the gawdy Names that sound Him Great :

28 *The* FAIR CIRCASSIAN.

But tell the World that these are trifling Things
 Compar'd to Her from whom his Pleasure springs,
 For Grandeur and for glorious Fame design'd
 To awe the Vulgar and amuse Mankind,
 Mere Bubbles made for Wonder and for Show ;
 His real Joys from dear *SAPHIRA* flow.

And, lest the dazzling Mines from *Ophir* brought
 To after Ages shou'd suggest a Thought,
 That He, who cou'd command so rich a Prize,
 Might well be blest, might well be counted Wise,
 Let future Times in lasting Verse be told,
 His Fair One made him Happy, not his Gold.

S H E.

Sweet are the Accents of thy heavenly Voice!
 The Groves are pleas'd, the listning Swains rejoice ;
 The little Birds suspend their flutt'ring Wing,
 Hover in Silence, and forget to sing.
 Once more with that enchanting Music hear
 My longing Soul, my fond expecting Ear.
 O come, with all thy dear delightful Charms,
 Rush on my Breast and dart into my Arms :
 Oh, haste, my Life, and with thy nimbler Speed
 The Mountain Roe or the wild Hart exceed.

F I N I S.

OCCA-



OCCASIONAL
P O E M S

By the same AUTHOR.





P R E F A C E.

THE kind Reception with which my late Pupil's Performance has been entertain'd by People of a distinguish'd Taste and Condition, has gone so far as to Honour it with a second Impression; which (as I hinted before) is taken from another Copy somewhat more correct. And the Printer having thought proper to set forth this Edition in a Size more convenient for the Hand or Pocket, importun'd me for some other Pieces of the Author to fill up the supernumerary Pages of his last Sheet. Therefore, in Compliance with his Request, I have sent the following Poems, as what I judg'd sufficient for the Supplement he desires: And their being turn'd so much upon the Subject of Love, makes them the less unfit to be added upon this Occasion. I believe the Remains which I have of his, are enough to fill a pretty large Volume; which may all in their several Turns see the Light. These which are now com-

C 4

municated

P R E F A C E.

municated to the Town were some of them written during the Time of an Excursion, which the young Gentleman made to London, last Winter was Twelve-month. Wherever he went, Love was still uppermost in his Mind; so that he seems to have liv'd, as well as died, for that darling Passion. I cou'd wish it had excluded from his Imagination Thoughts of a less innocent Nature, which he seems to have borrow'd from the free-thinking Frequenters of Button's; since I can't help suspecting that those, who are so apt to expatiate upon the pious Frauds of the ancient Heathens, would (if they durst) be little less forward in their Constructions of the Rites and Ceremonies of modern Christianity.

Oxon. Feb. 15, 1720.



T H E



THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

— *Quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ!* Virg.

Written when the Author was at Eton School.



AFT me, some soft and cooling Breeze,
To *Windsor's* shady kind Retreat,
Where Silvan Scenes, widespreading Trees,
Repel the Dogstar's raging Heat.

Where tufted Grass and mossy Beds
Afford a rural calm Repose ;
Where Woodbuds hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around disclose.

Old Oozy *Thames* that flows fast by
Along the smiling Valley plays ;
His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,
And thro' the flowry Meadow strays.

His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
His Vales with golden Plenty swell,
Where-e'er his purer Streams are seen
The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear thy yielding Wave
With naked Arm once more divide,
In Thee my glowing Bosom lave,
And cut the gently-rolling Tide.

Lay me, with Damasc Roses crown'd,
Beneath some Osier's dusky Shade,
Where Water-Lillies deck the Ground,
Where bubling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let dear *Lucinda* too be there,
With azure Mantle slightly drest.
Ye Nymphs, bind up her flowing Hair,
Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breast,

O haste away, fair Maid, and bring
The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love;
To Thee alone the Muse shall sing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grov e





S Y L V I A.

WERE I invited to a Nectar Feast
 In *Heaven*, and *Venus* nam'd me for her Guest ;
 Tho' *Mercury* the Messenger should prove,
 Or her own Son, the mighty God of Love ;
 At the same Instant let but honest *Tom*
 From *Sylvia's* dear terrestrial Lodging come,
 With Look important say——*desires——at Three*
Alone——your Company——to drink some Tea.
 Tho' *Tom* were mortal, *Mercury* divine ;
 Tho' *Sylvia* gave me Water, *Venus* Wine ;
 Tho' *Heaven* was here, and *Bowstreet* lay as far
 As the vast Distance of the utmost Star ;
 To *Sylvia's* Arms with all my Strength I'd fly ;
 Let who would meet the Beauty of the Sky.





TO SYLVIA.

STILL let us love, my *Sylvia*, and be wise;
 Look grave sometimes, but in our Hearts despise
 The Things which formal Hypocrites advise. }
 The Sun, whose flagging Beams decline at Night,
 Rises each Morn with fresh recruited Light:
 But We, when once we've spent our scanty Day, }
 Must bid good Night to Pleasure, Love and Play,
 And sleep a whole Eternity away. }
 Then, while You live, be constant to employ
 Each ebbing Moment in the Affairs of Joy;
 When Privacy permits, and Youth requires,
 Exert your Strength, and light up all your Fires;
 Wrestling detain the Angel of Delight,
 And force a Blessing e'er he takes his Flight.
 Ten Thousand Kisses let your Lips prepare,
 The balmy Prelude to the Lover's War,
 Thick as the whirling Sands on *Libya's* Coast,
 Suck'd in Confusion, and in Rapture lost.

O *Venus*, grant thy Suppliant such a Death;
 O'erwhelm'd in Storms like This to lose his Breath.

Or

Or when the fated Point of Time draws nigh,
Stretch'd on thy sacred Altar let me lye,
Sylvia the Priestess, and the Victim I.
As under *Ida's* Shades, Almighty *Jove*,
Bath'd in the Sweets of soft ambrosial Love,
Exhausted lay on *Juno's* panting Breast,
Godlike dissolving to immortal Rest.





TO SYLVIA.

SYLVIA, for ever lovely, dearest Maid,
 With You compar'd, the Lilly and the Rose
 O'erwhelm'd in Grief recline their dewy Head,
 Nor This so pure, nor That so blooming shows;
 In every Clime your opening Beauties bring
 Flora's whole Wardrobe, a perpetual Spring,

Unlock the Tresses of your burnisht Hair,
 Loose let the Ringlets o'er your Shoulders spread;
 Thus mix'd We view them more distinctly fair,
 Like Trails of golden Wire on Ivory laid.
 So *Phæbus* o'er the yielding *Æther* streams,
 And streaks the silver Clouds with brighter Beams.

So finely turn'd your polish'd Eyebrows rise,
 As model'd by young *Cupid's* heavenly Bow;
 And sure his fatal Shafts are in your Eyes,
 Which at the gazing World in sport You throw.
 O Nymph, to ease your Lover's throbbing Smart,
 Yield, and prepare for a revenging Dart.

Your

Your honied Lips, like fair Vermilion bright,
Moist as *Dione's* with a balmy Sweet,
Pouting for Kisses, swell to give Delight,
And part commodiously with mine to meet.
O come, like Doves, my *Sylvia*, let us bill,
Foin, thrust, and parry with ingenious Skill.

But stop! for so excessive is the Bliss,
It shoots like Poison thro' my vital Blood,
With pleasing Pain You stab at every Kiss,
O Gods! and torture while You're kindly Good.
Too lovely Maid! regard my cruel Case,
And heal Me with a full compleat Embrace.

What rosy Odours your soft Bosom yields!
Heaving and falling gently as You breathe:
Like Hills that rise amidst fair fertile Fields,
With round smooth Tops and flowery Vales beneath.
So swell the candid *Alps* with fleecy Snow,
While Myrtles bud, and Violets bloom below.

Your Speech like Music flows in charming Strains,
Your fragrant Kisses with Delight I taste,
Your Touch like Lightning trembles thro' my Veins
And 'wakes my Fancy to a fresh Repast.

Raptures on Raptures, an eternal Round,
And Joys on Joys successively abound.

If the fam'd Pow'rs such full Fruition share
In Transports which their Appetites refine,
If Love and Pleasure are the Business there,
What Bliss have They more exquisite than mine?
Sylvia, like Heaven, does every Sense improve,
And melts down every Passion into Love.



HEA-



HEATHEN PRIESTCRAFT.

FROM THE

First Book of Ovid's Fastorum.

I Grant that ever since the World began
 The Gods claim'd Worship from their Creature Man;
 But then, in Offerings frugal as in Food,
 Their Altars stood unstain'd with Victim Blood;
 They offer'd best who practis'd to be Good.
 As yet no foreign Ship with Spices fraught
 Had Myrrh and Frankincense from *India* brought.
 Far off conceal'd along *Euphrates* Shore
 Those balmy Shrubs their fragrant Blossoms bore,
 Unvalu'd the rich Cordial *Crocus* grew,
 Or only valued for it's purple Hue.
 The Priest their Virtues first perceiv'd, and then
 The Gods requir'd 'em at the Hands of Men.
 Before, green Potherbs of good savory Smell,
 The Product of each Garden, serv'd as well;
 Or branching Laurel, crackling as it blaz'd,
 In blueish Fumes the angry Gods appeas'd.

Fresh

Fresh Garlands, woven from the flowery Bank,
Were deem'd Oblations of sufficient Rank :
Violets, if twisted in among the rest,
Brib'd high, and ev'n pronounc'd the Suppliant blest.

Sharp Tools to kill and carve the slaughter'd Beast,
Were since invented by some Butcher Priest ;
Who wisely finding that the Flesh was good,
Feign'd that the Gods must be appeas'd with Blood.
Ceres in Wrath demands the routing Swine,
Bacchus the Goat, for nibbling of his Vine.
The Sheep and Ox, accus'd of no Offence.
Would seem to dye without the least Pretence :
But our discreet Divines declare that these
Do, best of all, the Pow'rs immortal please,
That the Gods leave their Heaven for such a Treat ;
True; For broil'd Cutlets are delicious Meat.

But yet sometimes, to shift the artful Scene,
Some Gods are honour'd with a Beast unclean :
If all which they requir'd were good to eat,
'Twou'd make Mankind suspect it all a Cheat ;
Some Rites indifferent must be duly mixt,
To Shuffle with the rest, and come betwixt :
Thus argues the designing crafty Priest,
And thus conceals and carries on the Jest.

There-

Therefore a Dog at *Trivia's* Altar dies ;
 Or a dead Horse may be a Sacrifice ;
 Such as the *Persians* offer to the Sun,
 Because He's active and well-made to run.
 For, whether all the jugling Pranks they do
 Are advantageous to themselves, or no,
 The Priesthood still give Reasons for each Trick,
 And make 'em all significant alike.
 Gallant *Priapus*, Gardian of our Fruit,
 An Ass requires, that awkward heavy Brute.
 But hear the Cause his reverend Clergy give ;
 'Tis no unpleasant Legend, as I live.

When ancient *Greece* triennial Honours paid
 To *Bacchus* with the Ivy-circled Head,
 Each rural Deity was made a Guest,
 And cheer'd with mirthful Pleasantries the Feast.
Pan and his Crew of lustful Satyrs came,
 Whose youthful Blood burnt with Venereal Flame :
 For the bright Nymphs, from every Stream and Grove
 Assembled there, inspir'd their Hearts with Love.
 There old *Silenus* came, in usual State,
 Astride his Ass, ridiculously great.
 There the rough * Patron of the Gardens too * *Priapus*.
 With well-hung Ensign marcht expos'd to View ;

And

And came where all the Company was laid
On mossy Beds beneath a spreading Shade.
Their Wine by *Bacchus* was supplied alone,
But each was crown'd with Garlands of his own.
A limpid Brook roll'd thro' the matted Grass,
At once to cool and qualify the Glass.
The woody Nymphs, Part with loose flowing Hair,
Their snowy Necks, and heaving Breasts all bare,
Part drest, and with embreded Tresses crown'd,
Their shapely Legs in Silver Buskins bound,
With Lilly Hands, the fragrant Dinner drest,
And added to the Flavour of the Feast.
The gentle Breeze that wav'd their thin Attire,
Fan'd in the rural Gods an amorous Fire.
There *Pan*, his Brow begirt with mountain Pines,
Ogling, in Sighs his captive Heart resigns.
Silenus too with untam'd Lust was stung,
Whose everlasting Lewdness keeps him Young.
But stiff *Priapus*, Warden of the Groves,
With *Lotis* smitten, only *Lotis* loves:
On her his Wishes and his Eyes are fixt,
And all his Talk with double Meanings mixt.
But Beauty's often temper'd with Disdain,
The Fair with Scorn regards her Lover's Pain:
She awes the Letcher with a distant Pride,
And haughty Smiles his public Flame deride.

Now

Now Night advanc'd, and Wine and Revels done,
Easy Repose with gentle Sleep came on.
The burning God observ'd where, tir'd with Play,
Lotis beneath a shady Maple lay;
Stretcht out supine upon a grassy Bed,
Upon a flowry Turf reclin'd her Head.
He rose, and, silent as the Steps of Death,
On Tiptoe softly stealing, held his Breath:
Till he had crept into the blissful Bow'r
That gave his utmost Wishes to his Pow'r.
And now, afraid lest every moving Air,
Ev'n her own Breath might wake the slumb'ring Fair,
The neighb'ring Turf with tender Care he prest;
Still lay the Nymph o'erwhelm'd in downy Rest:
O'erjoy'd the God her Vesture upward drew,
And to the Goal with furious Vigour flew;
When the grave Pad of old *Silenus* bray'd
And most unluckily his Plot betray'd.
The Nymph was wak'd, and strove with all her Might
To stop the eager Dotard's fond Delight,
And, rolling sidelong from his hot Embrace,
Scream'd out and fill'd with loud Alarms the Place.
The Silver Moon, just breaking from a Cloud,
Show'd where the God in strange Confusion stood,
Too well provided for the Feats of Love,
And quite expos'd to all the laughing Grove.

For this the Ass was victim'd, and from hence
All Asses suffer for that One's Offence.

The feather'd Warblers, whose melodious Lay
Gladdens the Shade from every leafy Spray,
With Love and Innocence securely blest,
Might hope to 'scape the bloody-minded Priest.
But these they say the Gods' command to kill,
As Creatures that reveal the heavenly Will;
When in swift Flight they stretch their painted Wing,
Or when they raise their trilling Voice and sing.
Thus from her Mate the spotless Turtle torn
Is often to the flaming Altar born.
Thus Geese for Io's splendid Feast are carv'd,
Tho' once a Goose the Capitol preserv'd.
Nor ought avails the Cock his coral Crest,
His shining Plumes, and glossy varying Breast,
Since his shrill Note, which Wakes the Morning Light,
Offends the gloomy Goddess of the Night.

Thus says the Priest, providing at his Wish
A roasted Goose, that very special Dish.
And, to reward his sacerdotal Toil,
For him the Cock, for him the Pidgeons broil.



THE
N A K E D T R U T H.

From the second Book of OVID's Fastorum.

O F the gay *Silvan* God that widely roves
O'er fair *Arcadia's* Plains, and shady Groves,
That haunts each gurgling Spring, and flow'ry Dale,
Where opening *Tempè* spreads it's happy Vale,
Where green *Cyllenè* rears her lofty Head
And streaming *Ladon* cuts the grassy Mead,
Of *Faunus* is my Song. Assist my Verse,
O woody Saint, while I thy Rites rehearse.

Rome, for strict Piety of old renown'd,
With Flowrets sweet thy verdant Altars crown'd,
With Thee her wide *Pantheon* pleas'd to grace;
Tho' now inferiour Saintlings fill the Place.
At thine, the giddy People in a Crowd,
As now at their Processions, star'd and bow'd.
On *Faunus'* Feast they sanctified the Day
With Rubric, Temple, Carnival and Play.

But

But sure their Cult indecently they paid,
 And Nature's Privacies too much display'd;
 Uncloath'd thy Priests their mystic Measures trod,
 And naked honour'd Thee their naked God.
 Forgive the Muse, if ludicrously bold
 The wanton Maid thy Secrets dares unfold;
 If She, jocose, the fabled Cause relates,
 To see his Clergy cloath'd why *Faunus* hates.

'Twas Summer; *Phœbus*, with declining Ray,
 Began to slope the tedious sultry Day;
 When *Faunus*, circled with his horned Throng,
 On the soft Turf securely lay along.
 Here from the Chace fatigued, and faint with Heat,
 Under the Shade he sought a cool Retreat.
 No sunny Beams here pierc'd the leafy Trees,
 Which nor excluded quite the fanning Breeze;
 The fanning Breeze among the Branches blew,
 And open'd, to the North, a distant view,
 From hence the goatish Deity descry'd
Alcides walking with his *Lydian* Bride,
 When starting, with an amorous Look he gaz'd,
 And while he lookt, her blooming Beauty prais'd.
 O happy *Hercules*! he sighing said,
 Who uncontroul'd enjoy so bright a Maid;

Stop, and with one dear Sight a Rival blefs,
 Let me admire the Nymph whom You poffefs :
 And You, brown Mountain Goddeffes, whose Charms
 Fade in the Light which now my Bosom warms,
 No more with ill-plac'd Love I'll kneel to You ;
 Adieu, brown Mountain Goddeffes, adieu.

Thus, as she walkt, her Air and gay Attire
 Fed the quick Flames of his prevailing Fire.
 Her snowy Neck embrown'd with flowing Hair,
 Like Light in Shades appear'd more brightly fair.
 Embroider'd Gold her Purple Mantua grac'd,
 A golden Girdle bound her slender Wafte.
 A gilt Umbrella *Hercules* upheld,
 Which from the Fair the scorching Beams repell'd.
 Now Time, infensibly beguil'd with Talk,
 Brings Evening on, and finishes their Walk :
Hesper's bright Lamp flames in the ruddy West,
 And shews the busy World 'tis Time to rest.
 Down the descending Mount they take their Way,
 And winding Vineyards o'er the Vale survey :
 And now are at their coolly Grot arriv'd,
 By Nature imitating Art contriv'd.
 The Roof with unhewn Pumice vaulted hung,
 Round the rough Entrance clasping Ivy clung.

Near which a purling Spring that down distill'd
A Cistern, hollow'd with it's dropping, fill'd.

Here, while the Servants, with officious Haste,
Prepar'd for Supper, and the Side board plac'd,
The sprightly Nymph a frolic Fancy try'd,
And dress'd her rough *Alcides* like a Bride.
A Crimson Pall, varied with Purple Hue,
Of finest Silk she o'er his Shoulders threw;
Then with her scanty Girdle wou'd have brac'd
The ample Circuit of his brawny Waste;
And giggled much his Limbs so large to find,
As in her widen'd Plaits were scarce confin'd.
Her self put on the Lion's shaggy Hide,
The weighty Quiver rattled at her Side;
Then graspt the Club the mighty Hero bore,
Which never felt so soft a Touch before.
Thus, for a Whim preposterously clad,
They sapt and went to Bed in Masquerade:
But lay that Night apart, that they might rise
Chastly to pay their Morning Sacrifice:
A Tribute due to *Bacchus* the Divine,
The Author of all Good, Love, Mirth, and Wine.

Now all was hush'd, for now 'twas Midnight Hour,
When *Faunus* ventur'd to the rosy Bow'r.

Love, whose insinuating tickling Dart
To Action can excite ev'n Woman's Heart,
Drove the hot Lover from his shady Home
On dangerous Attempts abroad to roam,
Thro' all the gloomy Horrors of the Night,
Scorning unmanly Fear and pale Affright.
And now, the Entry to the Grotto found,
He spread his bawdy Hands, and gropt around.
Here first, embalm'd in Wine, the Servants lay,
Careless, and snor'd the live-long Night away.
The blundring God, his Hopes from hence advanc'd,
To find their quaffing Lord as deep entranc'd,
Arm'd with a greater Boldness ventur'd in,
And thought to act secure the luscious Sin.
First, by good Hap, the blissful Bed He found,
Which with Success his Wishes might have crown'd.
But when will sublunary Creatures dare
To trust their Wants with Providence's Care?
Each on his own Discretion still relies,
And most mistakes when most he thinks he's wise.
Thus far the God; who, had he not believ'd
His own Surmises, ne'er had been deceiv'd.
For when He touch'd the tawny Lion's Hair,
The rugged covering of the comely Fair,
Struck with a sudden Dread he started back,
As when the Shepherd in the thorny Brake
Treads unawares upon a sleeping Snake.



Then, creeping forward to th' adjoining Couch,
Whose Silk with Softness met his gentle Touch,
He mounted on the Side that next him lay,
His Spear advanc'd and ready for the Fray.
But lifting up the Clothes, and feeling there,
He found huge Legs all rough with thickset Hair.
Surpriz'd, and groping farther, still in vain,
His curious Search alarm'd the sturdy Swain,
Whose backstroke Fist recoiling at his Head
Tumbled the Silvan from the lofty Bed.
The Noise disturb'd the Nymph, who in a Fright
Call'd up the Slaves, and bid them bring a Light.
A Light was brought; which soon discover'd All;
Poor *Faunus* bruis'd and groaning with his Fall;
Who scarce could raise his batter'd Limbs from Ground:
A Ridicule to all the drunken Vassals round.
Loud laught the well-begotten Son of *Jove*,
The *Lydian* Damsel laught, to see her Love
With uncouth Pain distort his Satyr's Face,
Asham'd and limping from th' unlucky Place.

The God, by Clothes thus fatally beguil'd,
His Hopes betray'd, his amorous Fancy foil'd,
Hates all Attire; and hence his wanton Priests
Admit the naked only to his Feasts.

Then, to refresh and purify the Heart,
Divines would only view each outward Part:
But modern *Rome*, to scour us all from Sin,
Appoints a prying Priest to peep within.
Both bent to know the Secrets of Mankind,
The Body Those perus'd, but These the Mind.



ON
FLORINDA,

Seen while she was bathing.

'T WAS Summer, and the clear resplendent Moon,
Shedding far o'er the Plains her full-orb'd Light,
Among the lesser Stars distinctly shone,

Despoiling of its Gloom the scanty Night,
When, walking forth, a lonely Path I took
Nigh the fair Border of a purling Brook.

Sweet and refreshing was the Midnight Air,
Whose gentle Motions hush'd the silent Grove;
Silent, unless when prick'd with wakeful Care.
Philomel warbled out her Tale of Love:
While blooming Flowers, which in the Meadows grew,
O'er all the Place their blended Odours threw.

Just by, the limpid River's chrystal Wave;
Its Eddies gilt with *Phæbe's* silver Ray,
Still as it flow'd a glittering Lustre gave
With glancing Gleams that emulate the Day;
Yet, oh! not half so bright as those that rise
Where young *Florinda* bends her smiling Eyes.

What-

Whatever pleasing Views my Senses meet,
 Her intermingled Charms improve the Theme ;
 The warbling Birds, the Flowers that breathe so sweet,
 And the soft Surface of the dimpled Stream,
 Resembling in the Nymph some lovely Part,
 With Pleasures more exalted seize my Heart.

Wrapt in these Thoughts I negligently rov'd,
 Imagin'd Transports all my Soul employ,
 When the delightful Voice of Her I lov'd,
 Sent thro' the Shades a Sound of real Joy.
 Confus'd it came, with giggling Laughter mixt,
 And Echo from the Banks replied betwixt.

Inspir'd with Hope, upborn with light Desire,
 To the dear Place my ready Footsteps tend,
 Quick, as when kindling Trails of active Fire
 Up to their native Firmament ascend :
 There shrouded in the Briars unseen I stood,
 And thro' the Leaves survey'd the neighbouring Flood.

Florinda, with two Sister Nymphs, undrest,
 Within the Channel of the coolly Tide,
 By bathing sought to sooth her Virgin Breast,
 Nor could the Night her dazzling Beauties hide ;
 Her Features, glowing with eternal Bloom,
 Darted, like *Hesper*, thro' the dusky Gloom.

Her

Her Hair bound backward in a spiral Wreath
Her upper Beauties to my Sight betray'd,
The happy Stream, concealing Those beneath,
Around her Waste with circling Waters play'd ;
Who, while the Fair One on his Bosom sported,
Her dainty Limbs with liquid Kisses courted.

A Thousand *Cupids* with their infant Arms
Swam paddling in the Current here and there ;
Some, with Smiles innocent, remark'd the Charms
Of the regardless undesigning Fair ;
Some, with their little Eben Bows full-bended
And levell'd Shafts, the naked Girl defended.

Her Eyes, her Lips, her Breasts exactly round,
Of Lilly Hue, unnumber'd Arrows sent ;
Which to my Heart an easy Passage found,
Thrill'd in my Bones and thro' my Marrow went :
Some bubbling upward thro' the Water came,
Prepar'd by Fancy to augment my Flame.

Ah Love! how ill I bore thy pleasing Pain!
For while the tempting Scene so near I view'd,
A fierce Impatience throb'd in every Vein,
Discretion fled, and Reason lay subdued ;
My Blood beat high, and with it's trembling made
A strange Commotion in the rustling Shade.

Fear seiz'd the timorous *Naiads*, all aghast
 Their boding Spirits at the Omen sink,
 Their Eyes they wildly on each other cast
 And meditate to gain the farther Brink;
 When in I plung'd, resolving to assuage
 In the cool Gulph Love's importuning Rage.

Ah, stay *Florinda*! (so I meant to speak)
 Let not from Love the loveliest Object fly!
 But e'er I spoke, a loud combining Squeak
 From shrilling Voices pierc'd the distant Sky:
 When strait, as each was their peculiar Care,
 Th' immortal Powers to bring Relief prepare.

A golden Cloud descended from above,
 Like that which whilom hung on *Ida's* Brow,
 Where *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
 As then to *Paris*, were conspicuous now.
 Each Goddess seiz'd her fav'rite Charge, and threw
 Around her Limbs a Robe of azure Hue.

But *Venus*, who with Pity saw my Flame
 Kindled by her own *Amoret* so bright,
 Approv'd in private what she seem'd to blame,
 And bless'd me with a Vision of Delight:
 Careless she dropt *Florinda's* Veil aside,
 That nothing mought her choicest Beauties hide.

I saw *Elysium* and the milky Way

Fair-opening to the Shades beneath her Breast;

In *Venus*' Lap the struggling Wanton lay,

And, while she strove to hide, reveal'd the rest.

A Mole, embrown'd with no unseemly Grace,

Grew near, embellishing the sacred Place.

So pleas'd I view'd, as One fatigued with Heat

Who near at Hand beholds a shady Bower,

Joyful, in Hope amidst the kind Retreat

To shun the Day-star in his Noontide Hour ;

Or as when parcht with drougthy Thirst he spies

A mossy Grott whence purest Waters rise.

So I *Florinda*——but beheld in vain :

Like *Tantalus*, who in the Realms below

Sees blushing Fruits, which to increase his Pain,

When he attempts to eat, his Taste forego.

O *Venus*, give me more, or let me drink

Of *Lethe*'s Fountain, and forget to think.

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